

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



THE PLAZA AT ST. AUGUSTINE.

STEPHEN MITCHEL:

A FLORIDA STORY.

BY MRS. S. S. ROBBINS, U.S.A.

CHAPTER I.

SITTING on the verandah of our pleasant little cottage, I heard slow footsteps dragging themselves heavily along through the deep sand of the side walk that ran before our door. It was a bright December morning, a morning that comes at no other

season and in no other place than St. Augustine, in the semi-tropical state of Florida. The air was softer and balmier than ever fell upon us in New England, even in our balmy June. Mocking-birds, swinging on the limbs of the live oaks opposite the house, rollicked in it with a musical gladness inconceivable if unheard. Great orange-trees, laden with golden fruit, and white with bud and blossom, shook down delicious perfumes on every passing wave; roses and hyacinths, japonicas and jonquils, beautiful flowering

No. 1397.—OCTOBER 5, 1878.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

shrubs and exotics, rare-to-us, but at home here, burdened the senses with their weight of odour, and half stupefied you into that dreamy repose so peculiar to the place.

A footstep in the sand; slow footsteps, heavy footsteps, would have been out of keeping with the scene in any other town, but not uncommon here; our short experience had already convinced us that to walk through sand, fine sand, was to drop the strongest, nimblest step, and to drag, too.

Mechanically, as one utterly at rest turns to any passing object for amusement, I moved my chair a little, to see whose the heavy tread might be, and from behind the old pride-of-China-tree there came a young man, head and chest bent a little forward, and one long, thin hand holding on to the small railing that surmounted the fence.

"Some poor consumptive," I said to myself, sadly. "He has come here, one among the many, hoping to drink of some fountain of immortal youth. He will drink of it, but not until he has quaffed first that other cup which the skeleton hand is holding to his lips."

Perhaps the pity which my heart felt my face told, for the man paused a moment before our gate, looked longingly, I thought, at a bit of bright worsted work that lay in my lap, lifted his head erect, as if to see over my shoulder into the pleasant, home-like parlour behind me, half touched his hat, and passed on into the deep, cool shadows that lay before him.

Something in his face drew my thoughts wonderingly after him. It was a face white with that peculiar whiteness only one disease ever brings, and out from it shone two large dark eyes full of such longing as words cannot describe. Great, hungry eyes they were, appealing to you as from some dread need; doing more, than appealing—forcing you to bring help if you could. Almost unwillingly I went to our gate, leaned upon it, and trying to give my action the appearance of utter carelessness, I nevertheless watched him. Still the slow, dragging step, still the hand gripping the fence rail, and the bent head and chest. "Some one ought to tell him to stand erect," I said, pettishly, turning my face towards the house, and speaking to my husband within our parlour. "Whoever heard of a person coming to Florida to be cured of consumption, and doubling himself up like a bow? How does he suppose this delicious air can heal his sick lungs if it cannot reach them? Some one ought to tell him."

"What are you talking about?" said an unconcerned voice from the parlour.

"A young man dying of consumption, who has just crawled up here, and—oh, dear, he did look so pitifully."

"I should think," answered the husband, "you would become used to that here; out of the thousands that have come to winter there is hardly a party that has not its sick one."

"Or its dying one," I added, despondingly. "It gives me the horrors; it's like living in a graveyard."

There came a little incredulous laugh by way of answer, and then, "Not half an hour ago I heard a lady, sitting on a verandah, with orange-trees pushing their great oranges and their white flowers almost into her very face, say that St. Augustine was a perfect paradise, that she didn't believe there was in all God's great world another place one-half so lovely."

"That was before I had seen this young man," I answered, a little shamefully; "he really haunts me. I wonder who he is, and where he came from. I know he is poor and lonely, and sick and suffering, without a human being to speak a kind word or do a kind act for him. He'll die here some day, and that will be the end of it."

"Well, yes, perhaps," with another little laugh, which, under the circumstances, seemed rather hard-hearted; I only say rather, for I knew what was meant; "but considering that you take the whole thing for granted, without knowing a single circumstance, I wouldn't distress myself too much over the funeral; better wait awhile."

While I was listening to this sage advice I still had my eyes fixed on the slowly receding figure before me. The house that he was now passing was owned by Northern ladies, and the grounds were kept in an attractive and finished way. It was nothing unusual for strangers to stop before the gate and warmly admire them, so I expected he would rest here, and he did. I almost expected, too, one of these ladies, whose deeds of kindness to sick, unknown ones are on the record above, but only half-known here, would come out from the house and speak the pitying words which I had withheld. I looked for her with a retributive sense that begins early, if you are not made of stone; but no; she did not see him, or she would not have let him pass as I had done; she would have given him a flower, and made a kind inquiry, if nothing more. After a few minutes' rest he walked feebly away again, and I lost him just after he had crossed the causeway over the Maria Sanches river; but all that day he stayed with me. A restlessness that I could not control took possession of me. Book and work were alike uninteresting, until at length, from sheer uneasiness, I put on my broad palmetto hat, and went wandering out, I hardly knew or cared whither.

For a small place, it is astonishing how many and great objects of interest are always awaiting you in St. Augustine. The oldest city in America, founded in the sixteenth century, and settled by almost every nation that had enterprise enough to sail the seas, always held as a religious stronghold, baptized in blood and steeped in memories of persecution and perfidy, no spot could be better chosen for a lover of the olden time to revel in. Turn whichever way you will, there you are sure to find some memorial of the past that has its story. You can start listlessly from your home, as I did to-day, and saunter down towards the queer old Plaza, whose very name has a history, and here you can spend hours. The Plaza itself is only a small bit of badly-kept, starved-looking sward, with broad paths running through it, and a few live oak-trees, under whose broad shadows chopped wooden benches are standing, and negroes always lounging; but on one side is the old cathedral, the oldest building on this side the world. It was built in 1690, and is quaint and ugly enough. If it were not for the curious combination of the crosses that form the tower, and for its known antiquity—a great fascination to an American, showing plainly our inherited instincts—no one would notice it but to smile at its ugliness. It is built of coquino, the only building material to be found in Florida, and as beautiful, when closely examined, as a stone can be. It is a singular conglomerate of shells, cemented by carbonate of lime; soft when first taken out of the quarry, but becoming hard upon exposure to the air;

so, as you stand near a house or a wall, you find yourself examining shells of all sizes and kinds, whole or broken, from the common oyster to the daintiest bit of a beauty that ever the shell-loving sea tossed on shore.

Going into the Plaza this morning, I sat down on an empty bench and looked about with a faint hope that I might see my invalid resting near me, but there was only an old negress, with a large basketful of most luscious-looking oranges, which she held coaxingly towards me; a nurse with a little crippled child, whose painful steps she was carefully tending; four negro boys, very woolly-headed and white-toothed, standing with as much ease and as often on their heads as on their feet; and a party of young Northern people bent on and finding noisy merriment in the scene around them.

Nothing here would have tempted the invalid to rest, I felt, after a few minutes of waiting, so I resumed my walk, going down through St. George's Street, the principal street of the city. This street is about fifteen feet wide, and is built in a style so purely Spanish, that very little exercise of the imagination would make you feel you had been suddenly transplanted across the ocean to some old Moorish city. The houses are mostly built directly upon the street, whatever grounds they have—and many of them do have beautiful gardens running at the side or back of the dwelling, and always hidden from view by a high fence or a coquino wall. The houses have overhanging balconies from most of the second storeys, with windows and doors opening out upon them, so as you walk the streets you seem to be under a covered bridge, I had almost written, but it is not like that, for up between the houses you catch everywhere one long line of that deep-blue Florida sky, with whose depth and beauty even the far-famed ether of Italy can hardly vie.

All along this street, near the Plaza, are numerous shops, whose curious, tempting windows I defy any stranger to pass unnoticed. Going by them a hundred times, you will look the ninety-ninth at the rare shells, the water-tanks of live, slimy alligators—toy alligators, ugly as it is possible for anything God made to be, yet with an eye the soft beauty of which you cannot resist, but stop to question—perhaps to buy—for, strange as it may seem, these animals are rather favourite pets with strangers here, and, living as they do, with very little food, have tempted so many to buy and send to their Northern friends, that a law against their transportation by mail had actually to be passed in order to prevent the nuisance. At some of the hotels elegantly dressed ladies may be seen with a little alligator asleep in their laps instead of a poodle, and children have them for playmates during their infancy with impunity. Surrounding the tanks which hold these, when exposed for sale, you will see all the curious tropical growths: birds whose plumage is rainbow-hued, the exquisite rose curlew, the snow-white heron, blue-birds, whose wings seem to have been dyed in the air through which they flew, parrots with the rich tints the hot sun paints, humming-birds with their pert little heads buried in sweet orange blossoms. Or you stand astonished at the curious nick-nacks poverty, the mother of invention, has taught the poor Floridian to make out of the materials around him: alligators' teeth made into sleeve-buttons, bosom-studs, earrings, perfume bottles, heads of canes, pin-cases, carved with nice taste and

skill, gold mounted, and so rising at once from the tooth to a work of art; fans made from these bird-feathers, with flowers for their ornament so natural you lift them to inhale their fragrance; sprays of these same flowers, also arranged for vase or frame.

Something of so much that was wonderful and curious must have attracted the sick man's eye, and I should find him gazing in wrapt attention as others did, I thought, as I sauntered slowly along, but there was not a sign of him anywhere; so I struck out for the pleasant road, where the shells have fought down the sand, and said, "I will go out for my roses. I am sure, if I find him, a cloth-of-gold rose will please, perhaps comfort, him. The person must be sick indeed who can withstand its magic power."

The old gate of the city (for St. Augustine boasts of being the only walled city in the United States) was directly in my way, and, as usual, I stopped to look and admire. I said it was our only walled city, so I might say of this gate, that it is our only true ruin, and a very pretty one it is; even where ruins are things of almost every mile occurrence this would attract and repay attention. During some of the numerous wars through which this city was doomed to pass soon after its settlement, a wall and a fort were considered necessary for its safety. The wall was constructed with all the old world arrangements of moats and gate and drawbridges, but time and peace have crumbled the curious coquino—some of it to a level with the ground, some of it beneath. Yet the gate, with its two towers, its devices of pomegranate and cross, its portals, and its arched way, still stand. Bits of green moss and delicate little flowers hide themselves among the shell-work of the coquino, just looking out and nodding at you in a coquettish way that tempts you to gather them, if possible, and carry them away. I never passed without picking a few. As I did so, destining them to some friend far away. To-day I gathered a small cream-coloured flower, so tiny it almost seemed as if you would need a microscope to see half of its perfections. This, too, I destined for my unknown invalid. Perhaps he had some friend who would value it, as mine did. A man—a sick man, particularly—does not always think of gathering little things.

To those who have never taken a walk like this of mine, on such a December morning, I can give very little idea of the stretch of ground over which I passed. I should more properly say of its surroundings, for the road itself was like all the rest of the country, a dead level. On one side were curious small houses, low, with broad verandahs and wide open doors and windows; in the yards flowers were in full blossom, and the grounds were glorious in their show of heavily-laden orange-trees. On the other hand, waste sand reaches were covered with the broad-leaved, green palmetto, the great fans of which seemed to cool the heated air as it swept lingeringly over them. Bay-trees, laurel-trees, and evergreens laden with the creeping jessamine vine, disputed with the palmetto for their barren home, but the palmetto had the better of them everywhere.

"This is enough to cure a man, even if he be sick unto death," I said many times to myself, as I walked on. "I wonder he doesn't come here. Just this rose garden, with its four hundred varieties, many of them this very day in full bloom, would be a panacea for all common ills." So thinking, I turned into the avenue leading to the gate, and made my way into the garden.

ALEXANDER MACONOCHIE.



PROBABLY no one, since the days of John Howard, has accomplished more for the important work of prison reform than Captain Alexander Maconochie, R.N. The great improvement effected in the English and Irish prison administration by the introduction of what is termed the "good mark system," is a result of his labours, although the result of this, and of other good fruits of his exertions, has sometimes been credited to other persons.

He was born in Fifeshire in 1787, his father being one of the Commissioners of the Scotch Board of Customs. After studying law for several years, he abandoned further preparation for that profession, and entered the Royal Navy as a midshipman on one of the ships of the West Indian squadron, under Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane. On one occasion, at this period, his duties took him on board Lord Nelson's flag-ship, the *Victory*, and he had the pleasure of being accosted by the Admiral, who happened to be coming out of the cabin with a large glass under his arm, and who, seeing the young midshipman before him, said, "Youngster, give me a shoulder." This was Maconochie's first and last interview with Nelson, who was killed a few months later at Trafalgar.

Continuing in the Navy, Maconochie was nearly wrecked off the Dutch coast in 1810. He mentions, in connection with this, that "in the midst of our danger an incident almost ludicrous occurred, which I well remember, as if yesterday. A small scamp of a boy rushed up, in the confusion, to ask what we were about, and an old boatswain's mate named Cossie called out, with his rough good-humoured voice, 'Take care of that boy, he is my only hope.'" "Take care of that boy." It was a suggestive sentence, implying the value of the bodies and souls of poor

lads everywhere, and the duty and responsibility of good and brave men to exercise a fatherly protection over such. In future years many were the boys whom Maconochie kindly cared for and sought to turn aside from the numerous snares which beset unwary youth. The ship in which he had been driven on the Dutch coast failed to make her escape, and her officers and crew fell as prisoners into the hands of the French, who were then at war with England. Maconochie thus became a captive for three years, and, like Howard before him, and also like Ducpetiaux, the great Belgian prison reformer, after him, he learned by actual duration the lessons of sympathy and humanity, in regard to prisoners, which he subsequently turned to good account.

After the overthrow of Napoleon, Maconochie obtained his freedom, returned home, and resumed his naval life, this time on the North American coast. Whilst stationed at Quebec an incident impressed upon him a principle which afterwards became a leading feature in his criminal system—that of mutual responsibility for the actions of comrades. An epidemic of desertion had set in amongst the British sailors in the North American squadron. As a means of counteracting it, the habit of refusing all leave of absence from ship-board was in many cases adopted. But Maconochie devised the experiment of only granting leave of absence on condition that if the recipients did not return to their ship, their comrades should not be allowed a similar favour. The sense of honour and brotherhood amongst the sailors rendered this plan so effectual that the desertions thenceforth almost ceased.

Soon after the establishment of peace he left the Navy again, and resided in Scotland, where, for a number of years, he quietly farmed a small estate. Meanwhile, also, he married, and became the father of a family. The increasing claims of his children induced him eventually to seek more active and remunerative occupation. He came to London, where he met a number of old friends, some of them persons of influence. One of these was Sir John Franklin, who at this period had just been appointed Governor of Van Diemen's Land. He invited Maconochie to accompany him thither as his secretary, an offer which was promptly accepted. Before the party sailed for their destination several gentlemen, specially interested in questions of prison discipline, waited upon Maconochie and asked him to correspond with them on matters connected with the treatment of convicts under transportation to the colony.

When he arrived at Hobart Town considerable attention was being directed to improvements in the convict system, largely owing to the labours of two missionaries of the Society of Friends from England, Mr. James Backhouse, of York, and Mr. George Washington Walker, of Newcastle. These good men spent five years in visiting the Australian colonies and penal settlements, giving much attention to the condition of the latter. During that period they experienced the utmost courtesy from the successive Governors of Van Diemen's Land (Tasmania), Colonel Arthur and Sir John Franklin, who invited

ther
and
repo
and
that
obse
T

the
tion
was
on t
was
wer
met
dent
from
in th
nion
by t
The
side
quer
ther

N
with
as f
noth
noth
men
in C
wer
twen

S
hum
of th
bett
at l
conv
inqu
larg
but
and
feat
the
vict
prev
prop
good
cate
the
view
for

H
conv
tran
year
men
least
men
in c
view
scale
good
men

"H
Law,"
† T
Walter
and as
Macon
featur
by Ma

them to make reports of their visits to the convicts, and to suggest reforms in the discipline. These reports came, at the time, into Maconochie's hands, and he acknowledged, in an official memorandum, that he was "extremely indebted" to the papers and observations of the two Friends.

There was abundant need for a change, both in the Tasmanian and Australian systems of transportation. The condition of some of the convict stations was absolutely appalling. At Macquarie Harbour, on the west coast of Tasmania, for example, there was an average of 280 convicts, but so numerous were the casualties that about five out of every eight met with their death by murder, violence, or accident. In ten years 169 convicts attempted to escape from that one station. Of these sixty-two perished in the woods and nine were murdered by their companions. Some of the latter number were actually killed by their starving companions, to be eaten as food. There was a fissure of the rock, on the southern side of the port, called "Murderers' Cave," in consequence of the number of men who had been murdered there by their fellow-convicts.

Nor were things better in New South Wales. A witness deposed before a Parliamentary committee as follows: "The men were under sentence, with nothing before them but misery, and they cared nothing about their lives. I have seen twenty-one men executed in a fortnight in New South Wales, in Governor Macquarie's time, at Sydney. They were hanged for little or nothing. There were twenty-one hanged in a fortnight."*

So awful a condition of things might well make humane men ponder, and devise, to the very utmost of their ability, any schemes likely to bring about a better state of affairs. Accordingly Maconochie, at Hobart Town, became deeply interested in the convict question. He meditated, read, observed, and inquired continually in reference to it, and, aided largely by the experience and views of other men, but also, to no slight extent, by his own good heart and noble mind, he gradually elaborated the main features of what subsequently obtained the name of the "Good Mark" and the "Irish System" of convict treatment.† It so happened that, several years previously, Archbishop Whately, of Dublin, had proposed, in two letters to Earl Grey, a system of good marks, very similar to that afterwards advocated by Maconochie. But it does not appear that the latter was specially indebted to Whately for his views, inasmuch as they were by him thought out, for the most part, collaterally and independently.

Having finally elaborated a complete system of convict treatment on an improved basis, Maconochie transmitted it to the Colonial Office in London. Two years elapsed before he received any acknowledgment. But at length an answer came, and it was, at least, partially encouraging, for the Home Government now sent out directions that he should be placed in command of the convicts at Norfolk Island, with a view to make an experiment of his plans on a limited scale. Alas, for that limitation! It shackled the good man at the very outset, and was the commencement and basis of hindrances which ultimately

brought his work to a premature termination. But, so far as he was able to act out his own convictions, he wrought wonders.

Norfolk Island is about a thousand miles east of Australia. Captain Maconochie arrived there in March, 1840, and remained there until February, 1844, so that he was there four years. During the whole of that period he had from 1,500 to 2,000 convicts under his care, nearly two-thirds of whom were doubly convicted prisoners—that is to say, convicts who, after being transported from England to New South Wales (Botany Bay), had been, for other crimes, again transported to Norfolk Island. These were the worst of the worst of men. About 160 soldiers were stationed on the island for the protection of the authorities. But during the whole time of Captain Maconochie's stay, he never called them out once, except for routine duty.

Previous to his arrival, the convicts worked in chains, and it was considered dangerous for even armed officers to approach within three yards of them. "They were (says Mr. M. D. Hill) fed more like dogs than men. As it was considered unsafe to trust them with knives, they tore their food with their hands and teeth, and they drank out of water-buckets. To evade labour, they were accustomed to inflict the most dreadful injuries upon their bodies, and even to create insanity. Their physical health was deplorable. Hundreds were swept into an early grave by the combined effect of improper food, bad lodgings, and the most depressing moral influences. It was said, 'Let a man be what he will, when he comes here he is soon as bad as the rest; a man's heart is taken from him, and there is given to him the heart of a beast.'"

Such were the men, and such their condition, on Maconochie's arrival as governor. His first address to the convicts created a profound impression upon them. It breathed, as it were, afresh the breath of life into them. It revived hopes long dead. It gave birth to good resolutions in hearts scared as with a hot iron. For his very face and voice carried conviction to his hearers that the speaker was a good and noble man. The convicts were described at the time as a "demoniacal assemblage;" and the Roman Catholic Bishop Ullathorne, who spent years amongst the convicts of Australia and Norfolk Island, remarks: "Well, also, do I recollect that almost inhuman expression in a thousand human faces massed together." Yet in three years Maconochie so improved even the very countenances of these wretched beings, that the Governor of New South Wales, Sir George Gipps, on visiting the island, asked him, with astonishment, what he had done to make them look so well.

He was working with Nature and not against her, and also with Christianity—that was the secret of this change, and of many more remarkable improvements effected during that period.

His system was, briefly, as follows: Inasmuch as in a state of freedom, man, in general, must work for his living, the same wholesome principle should be applied, as far as possible, even to prisoners. They should have "nothing for nothing," but earn every special advantage by some special exertion. If thoroughly lazy, they were to be put on bread and water; but, meanwhile, even that poor fare would be scored against them, as a debt to be worked off at some future time before release from prison. For even release from prison should be also conditional

* House of Commons "First Report of Committee on Criminal Law," 1847, p. 453.

† The "Irish System" has often been associated with the name of Sir Walter Crofton, inasmuch as he, as Chairman of Directors of Irish Prisons, and as a man of humane and intelligent views, ably carried into practice Maconochie's plans to a considerable extent. But all the distinctive features of the so-called "Irish" system had previously been enunciated by Maconochie, to whom, therefore, belongs their chief credit.

(under Captain Maconochie's proposals), that is to say, he considered prisoners should not, in general, be sentenced to be detained for a fixed time, irrespective of their conduct meanwhile, but that, rather, they should be sentenced to be kept under discipline *until* effectually reformed. A prisoner might thus indefinitely prolong, or considerably shorten, his detention, according to his exertions or his good or bad behaviour. His exertions would be measured by piece work (registered by means of good marks) and by the extent, not of promise or profession, but of actual performance.

Captain Maconochie, on arrival at Norfolk Island, found that the cost of each convict's maintenance averaged eightpence per day. He therefore at once debited each man with eight marks (one mark for each penny) as a daily debt to be worked off. The equivalent of eight marks was placed at a fair day's work of moderate exertion, leaving some margin for the possibility of extra work and overtime. It was in this margin and opportunity of earning excess marks that the great element of hope and stimulus to exertion consisted. For in the first place every man must earn his eight marks to pay for his daily cost to the Government. But what he earned over and above that number might be devoted to the purchase of certain comforts in the way of food or clothing. But a still greater inducement was the prospect of thereby purchasing a remission of a certain proportion of the prisoner's sentence. Captain Maconochie took care to inform the convicts that he could not actually guarantee this result, inasmuch as existing law made no provision for it, but he promised that he would use his strenuous endeavours to induce the Government to provide for such a remission of a certain proportion of the prisoners' sentences, according to the extra marks earned. Trusting to this hope, the convicts made wonderful progress, both in labour and good behaviour. But, unfortunately, the Government would not be persuaded to grant the proportionate remissions, even when earned, and in consequence great disappointment to the convicts ultimately resulted. But for the first three years, and while hopes were still entertained, both by the men and Maconochie, all went well.

Every kind of labour and service was tasked, and valued in "good marks" for purposes of registration to the convict's credit. Digging, building, cleaning, cooking, clerkage, oversight (for all the overseers were convicts, except five free men), the care of cattle, carpentry, smith's work, etc., all were measured into daily tasks, and good marks apportioned according to the estimate of work done. Of course there were difficulties in adjusting these estimates, according to the varying capabilities of the men; but, on the whole, these difficulties were readily surmounted. The men greatly valued the immediately attainable privilege of purchasing, with their extra marks, articles of diet which they preferred. They were also allowed to purchase and keep pigs and poultry for their own use.

Maconochie found no men to be absolutely intractable under his system. Occasionally some obstinate fellow had to be sent to a punishment cell and put on bread and water; but he speedily became tired of this when he found that it was his own sentence upon himself, and that meanwhile he was running up a debt out of his future labour for that very bread and water. Forty-eight hours of this usually sufficed to bring the worst offenders to their senses.

One boon much valued by the men was the opportunity of earning the privilege to build a hut in which to live by themselves, apart from the society of other convicts. For the generality of the convicts were associated, both by day and night; a very objectionable state of things. Maconochie, however, effected more separation than previously existed on the island.

One interesting result followed the permission accorded to the prisoners to earn property for their separate use. They had previously been inveterate thieves, even from one another, whenever opportunity presented. But now a feeling in favour of honesty and the rights of property grew up amongst them, in proportion as numbers of them became possessors of property in the form of pigs, fowls, or other provisions, or of special clothing.

Maconochie, however, was not satisfied with mere honesty and obedience. He held that "no process can be reformatory that asks no virtue but that of obedience. The prevalent system of secondary punishment requires nothing but obedience." With a view to develop other virtues and a sense of mutual interest, he adopted, to some extent, the plan of placing the men in groups, or "messes," of five. Each of these groups was to have even its good marks in common, so that if one member of a group became lazy or ill-behaved, his loss of good marks involved the other four in a loss also, and thus rendered it their personal interest to look after him and bring their influence to bear upon him for good. Although this plan worked well in many instances, yet it was always open to objections which did not accompany the other portions of Maconochie's system. It had the disadvantage of being a hardship, not to say an injustice, to the best-behaved members in each group of five. And further, it furnished opportunities for objectionable combinations for evil purposes, where the character of the group was not reformed or trustworthy. Ultimately this system of groups led to serious inconveniences.

And it is appropriate here to mention that Maconochie, with all his experience, never appears to have entertained a sufficient sense of the moral and disciplinary dangers inseparable from the association of prisoners. He admitted, after leaving Norfolk Island, that he had never witnessed separation beyond a period of six months, and he appears to have formed very exaggerated views of the effects of separation, from some misunderstanding of its proper administration. Perhaps he had heard of some of the abuses which, in certain American gaols, accompanied the pernicious and truly indefensible plan of shutting up prisoners in prolonged idleness and in solitude, even from good visitation—a system which can hardly be condemned strongly enough. But during the period of his experiments on Norfolk Island, the separation of prisoners was being tried at the Model Prison of Pentonville, in London. The chaplain of that prison, the Rev. Mr. Burt, thus describes its basis: "The fundamental principle of the original system was that the amount of instruction and visitation by superior officers should be *adequate* for the purpose of preserving the minds of the prisoners in vigour, as well as for effecting reformation to the greatest possible extent." In reference to some popular misconceptions of the effects of this system which have obtained currency, Mr. Burt remarks that this system of complete separation was maintained at Pentonville from 1842 to 1848, after

which it was relaxed and changed. He adds that "The insanity under the altered system has been eight times greater than during the four preceding years, when the original system was in full operation." The advantages of short and sharp terms of separate imprisonment, as being at once more deterrent, more reformatory, cheaper, and more merciful than very prolonged and expensive periods of associated convict labour, are so fully recognised in various countries, that it is matter for regret they were so entirely ignored by Captain Maconochie amongst his otherwise excellent views of criminal reformation.

For it was this evil of association which, in spite of the merits of his system, wrought final and serious disaster at Norfolk Island. To quote Bishop Ullathorne, who was personally conversant with what was going on in the island, "Those private associations (of five each) would tempt to plots and conspiracies, and give all facilities for their execution. *They led, in fact, to the outbreak in Norfolk Island, although the Catholic clergy warned Captain Maconochie of the very men and of the game of hypocrisy which they were playing.*"

However, for a time all went on remarkably well. The good results were in themselves a great and unobjectionable source of help, both to the prisoners and to the authorities. One of Maconochie's colleagues, who was with him during the whole of his stay at Norfolk Island, Mr. John Simms, who has subsequently discharged with great efficiency the duties of the Governor of Plymouth Prison, has described (in a very recent letter* to Mr. William Tallack, the Secretary of the Howard Association, London) some of his reminiscences of transportation at that period.

"During my Australian experience (of thirteen years), I was conversant with many thousands of convicts, their previous histories, and subsequent life after freedom. My first experience was under the 'Assignment' and 'Chain Gang' systems, which were so thoroughly bad and rotten to the core, that they had not one redeeming feature, except that one which the author of 'Memorials of Millbank,' asserts to be the only effective one, namely, that of 'force, iron force, applied with a strong hand.' The 'force' proved to be disastrous and destructive to their moral well-being. At Norfolk Island Captain Maconochie reduced his system to practice, and laboured with a very inefficient staff, and under almost insurmountable barriers of various kinds, during a period of four years, in an unsuitable locality, and with officers directly opposed to his scheme. He first introduced his system amongst the doubly and trebly convicted felons, and also amongst upwards of 600 of originally transported felons sent out from England to Norfolk Island for this purpose. It was thus applied to the old hands, but was soon found to be impracticable in its application to them by reason of the existing penal laws. To witness the morally degraded and hopeless condition the 'iron' system had reduced these men to, would have convinced the author of 'Memorials of Millbank,' and made him relinquish his 'iron' theory for ever. But Maconochie's system was a wave in the tide of humanity, and adapted to the principles which govern man as a moral and religious being. He built two churches for the prisoners on the island, besides buildings and barracks for officers and prisoners, and fully established his system during the

first two years. The next two years were devoted to first distributing a great portion of the arable land into farms and apportioning it to men who had passed through their first stage of probation. During that time the men cultivated their farms, for which they paid a rent in kind to the Government. The crops of grain and of tropical products they raised were marvellously great, and all was progressing most successfully, in respect both to the conduct and industry of the men, when orders were received from the Home Government to remove all the new hands to Van Diemen's Land on tickets-of-leave. Several of the official heads of departments on the island had been deprived, by Captain Maconochie, of excessive indulgences which they had previously possessed. To these persons his system was thus obnoxious, and they had written bitterly and condemnatory of it to the Home Department. It was these personal animosities, and not any failure in the system, which led to the ultimate result."

Mr. Simms continues: "Two convict settlements had been formed, one at Longridge, and the other at Cascade. At this latter I resided in a cottage without lock or key, with simply a latch to the doors. Close by were the convict barracks, where over 2,000 were lodged every night, also without locks, but simply with a latch to keep the doors closed. Not a single serious offence was ever committed in that time by any of those men, and the only body-guard was another free superintendent and myself, together with a few trustworthy men selected from among themselves, and who slept within these barracks to keep order. I shall ever remember this year as the most remarkable in all my prison experience, because it thoroughly tested the good qualities in these men, and was a fair result of what might be realised from any body of men, generally, thus treated, not by 'force, iron force,' but by moral means and religious teaching effecting the cure of the evils they were designed to accomplish, and which are, and ever have been found to be, the basis of a thorough and permanent reformation of either free or bond in every condition of life. The general body of Captain Maconochie's men conducted themselves on the island in a most satisfactory manner; and after they were removed to Tasmania, where they were granted tickets-of-leave, were safely and rapidly engaged by the settlers. Four years after this, I met many of them in Hobart Town, *all respectably settled, and doing well.* And many others I had equally good reports of. They were valued by the settlers as proverbially 'Captain Maconochie's men,' and proving themselves worthy in that country."

This practicability of the reformation of criminals has often been doubted, even by some experienced authorities. But Captain Maconochie and Mr. Simms, both gentlemen of long and large practical experience with the very worst of convicts, have found Christian principles to be powerful even in cases the most degraded. Maconochie stated before a Parliamentary committee that, even amongst "grave and hardened offenders," there were, in his opinion, "*none irreclaimable.*" And at Norfolk Island he furnished a very remarkable and crucial illustration of the truth of this statement.

At Sydney there had been a most desperate and unmanageable convict, named Anderson. He was flogged, time after time, for various offences, but to no good effect. He became more outrageous than ever. At last the authorities, in despair, put him on

* Dated Plymouth, November 28, 1877.

a little island in Sydney Harbour, where he was kept chained to a rock, and in a hollow of that rock he slept. After some weeks, the governor went to see him, and urged him to submit to authority. The man defiantly refused. He was then sent for life to Port Macquarie convict station, where he was again and again flogged. He now made his escape, and lived amongst the natives for some time, but ultimately being recaptured, he was sent to Norfolk Island for the crime of murder. But Captain Maconochie, seeing that even this man had some germs of good in him, directed his excessive energies to the management of the wildest bullocks in the island, and afterwards placed him in charge of the signal staff on the top of Mount Pitt. Being thus treated in a humane manner, Anderson became a changed man; and when Sir G. Gipps, the Governor of New South Wales, visited Norfolk Island, he particularly noticed Anderson, and inquired, "What smart fellow may that be?" and was astounded at the reply, "That is the man who was chained to the rock in Sydney Harbour." "You don't mean to say so!" exclaimed the amazed governor.

When the intelligence reached Norfolk Island that the Home authorities would not sanction the carrying out of the mark system, and that the terms of remission already conditionally earned by overwork would not be recognised, a spirit of deep disappointment and despair pervaded the convicts, and this led to a circumstance which brought Captain Maconochie's stay on the island to a termination. Twelve disappointed prisoners attempted to seize a brig and, by overpowering the sailors, to escape from the island. They failed; but their crime being reported to the Home authorities, gave rise to numerous misrepresentations as to the general *régime* of the Captain, and he was in consequence recalled.

On his leaving the island the old savagery was resumed. The convicts were subjected to constant floggings, gaggings, and chainings. They were again treated like brutes, and again they became like brutes. In 1846 a general outbreak took place; three of the officers were murdered, and, in retaliation, twelve executions took place in one morning! The island once more attracted to itself the horror-struck attention of the Home authorities, and it was finally abandoned as a convict station.

After his return to England, his good-mark system remained for awhile in abeyance. But in 1849, at the earnest request of some of his friends, he accepted the governorship of Birmingham Gaol, with a view to try the effect of some portions of his plan. But here, again, the authorities positively refused to permit its effectual application, or even to facilitate an alteration of existing law for that purpose. However, once more shackled and restricted, he made a very partial application of his system to the juvenile prisoners under sixteen years of age. On the very limited scale on which he was permitted to apply it, he found it to have "a remarkably good effect." Owing, however, to the refusal of the authorities to co-operate with him to the needful extent, Captain Maconochie only held the governorship of Birmingham Gaol for two years. Under his successor some very painful cases of ill-treatment of prisoners occurred which excited great indignation throughout the kingdom, and caused the appointment of a special Royal Commission of Inquiry in 1853. That Commission officially reported that the cruelties complained of—which were subsequently made the

subject of a popular novel, "Never too late to Mend," by Mr. Charles Reade—did not commence until 1852, the year after Maconochie ceased to be governor. They added that, "With respect to Captain Maconochie, we are fully satisfied that he is a gentleman of humanity and benevolence, whose sole object in undertaking the government of the prison was to promote the reformation of the prisoners and the well-being of society by means of the system of moral discipline which he hoped to establish there."

But local circumstances and the then law did not permit him to establish that system. Again his enemies raised a cry of failure, but again subsequent events justified him and his plans. Before he left Birmingham, the best and ablest magistrates and philanthropists of the town met together at the Town Hall and publicly presented him with a testimonial expressive of their high appreciation of his character and system.

With this interesting and highly honourable gathering, his public career may be said to have terminated, for the advance of age and declining health obliged him to pass his remaining years in quiet and retirement, until his death in October, 1860. After his decease, the Government and Legislature rendered him the homage, so often paid to departed merit, of practically recognising the great value of his system, for it has been legally incorporated—at least to a considerable extent—into the convict systems both of Great Britain and of Ireland. So recently as April, 1878, it was further extended, in part, to the county and borough gaols, whose inmates will henceforth receive the encouraging stimulus of the progressive classification on the basis of good marks, which formed the essential characteristic of Maconochie's plan.

W. T.

Rowan Berries.

A rowan-tree
Out-branching, berry-laden;
And underneath it at their play,
Two children, happy as the day,
A laddie and a maiden.

He brings the store
In baby glee, and lingers,
Watching her weave her necklace fine,
Shouting to see it grow and shine,
Between her busy fingers.

Sing, little lass,
And let the song be sprightly;
With rounded ankles, warm and bare,
With sunburnt face and tangled hair,
Few hearts can beat more lightly.

My lady's gauds
Beget no greater pleasure,
Nor yield their owner such content,
Such artless pride and innocent,
As does thy simple treasure.

The Rowan Berries.



From the Painting by R. Herdman, R.S.A.

THREADING THE ROWAN-TREE BERRIES.

Leave her to own
The pearl and opal tender;
These, and the flashing ruby's glow,
Better become her neck of snow,
Than thine so brown and slender.

Marvellous youth!
What little makes it merry!
Sunshine is gold; and then who cares
For jewels, while the rowan bears
Its bright, familiar berry?

S. E. G.

LETTERS FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY ISABELLA L. BIRD, AUTHOR OF "SIX MONTHS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS," ETC.

XII.

Deer Valley, November.—To-night I am in a beautiful place like a Dutch farm—large, warm, bright, clean, with abundance of clean food, and a clean, cold little bedroom to myself. But it is very hard to write, for two free-tongued, noisy Irishwomen, who keep a miners' boarding-house in South Park, and are going to winter quarters in a freight-waggon, are telling the most fearful stories of violence, vigilance committees, Lynch law, and "stringing" that I ever heard. It turns one's blood cold only to think that where I travel in perfect security, only a short time ago men were being shot like skunks. At the mining towns up above this nobody is thought anything of who has not killed a man—i.e., in a certain set. These women had a boarder, only fifteen, who thought he could not be anything till he had shot somebody, and they gave an absurd account of the lad dodging about with a revolver, and not getting up courage enough to insult any one, till at last he hid himself in the stable and shot the first Chinaman who entered. Things up there are just in that initial state which desperadoes love. A man accidentally shoves another in a saloon, or says a rough word at meals, and the "challenge" ("first finger on the trigger") warrants either in shooting the other at any subsequent time without the formality of a duel. Nearly all the shooting affrays arise from the most trivial causes in saloons and bar-rooms. The deeper quarrels, arising from jealousy or revenge, are few, and are usually about some woman not worth fighting for. At Alma and Fairplay, vigilance committees have been lately formed, and when men act outrageously, and make themselves generally obnoxious, they receive a letter with a drawing of a tree, a man hanging from it, and a coffin below, on which is written, "Forewarned." They "git" in a few hours. When I said I spent last night at Hael's Gulch there was quite a chorus of exclamations. My host there, they all said, would be "strung" before long. Did I know that a man was "strung" there yesterday? Had I not seen him hanging? He was on the big tree by the house, they said. Certainly, had I known what a ghastly burden that tree bore, I would have encountered the ice and gloom of the gulch rather than have slept there. They then told me a horrid tale of crime and violence. This man had even shocked the morals of the Alma crowd, and had a notice served on him by the vigilants, which had the desired effect, and he migrated to Hael's Gulch. As the tale runs, the Hael's Gulch miners were resolved either not to have a groggery, or to limit the number of such places, and when this ruffian set one up he was "forewarned." It seems, however, to have been merely a pretext for getting rid of him, for it was hardly a crime of which even Lynch law could take cognisance. He was overpowered by numbers, and, with circumstances of great horror, was tried, and strung on that tree within an hour.*

* Public opinion approved this execution, regarding it as a fitting retribution for a series of crimes.

I left the place this morning at ten, and have had a very pleasant day, for the hills shut out the hot sun. I only rode twenty-two miles, for the difficulty of riding on ice was great, and there is no blacksmith within thirty-five miles of Hael's Gulch. I met two freighters just after I left, who gave me the unwelcome news that there were thirty miles of ice between that and Denver. "You'll have a tough trip," they said. The road runs up and down hill, walled in along with a rushing river, by high mountains. The scenery is very grand, but I hate being shut into these deep gorges, and always expect to see some startling object moving among the trees. I met no one the whole day after passing the teams except two men with a "pack-jack." Birdie hates jacks, and rears and shies as soon as she sees one. It was a bad road, one shelving sheet of ice, and awfully lonely, and between the peril of the mare breaking her leg on the ice and that of being crushed by wind-falls of timber, I had to look out all day. Towards sunset I came to a cabin where they "keep travelers," but the woman looked so vinegar-faced that I preferred to ride four miles farther, up a beautiful road winding along a sunny gulch filled with silver spruce, bluer and more silvery than any I have yet seen, and then crossed a divide, from which the view in all the ecstasy of sunset colour was perfectly glorious. It was enjoyment also in itself to get out of the deep chasm in which I had been immured all day. There is a train of twenty freight-waggons here, each waggon with six horses, but the teamsters carry their own camping blankets, and sleep either in their waggons or on the floor, so the house is not crowded. It is a pleasant two-storey log-house, not only chinked, but lined with planed timber. Each room has a great open chimney with logs burning in it; there are pretty engravings on the walls, and baskets full of creepers hanging from the ceiling. This is the first settler's house I have been in in which the ornamental has had any place. There is a door to each room, the oak chairs are bright with rubbing, and the floor, though unplanned, is so clean that one might eat off it. The table is clean and abundant, and the mother and daughters, though they do all the work, look as trim as if they did none, and actually laugh heartily. The ranchman neither allows drink to be brought into the house or to be drunk outside, and on this condition only he "keeps travelers." The freighters come in to supper quite well washed, and though twenty of them slept in the kitchen, by nine o'clock there was not a sound. This freighting business is most profitable. I think that the charge is three cents per pound from Denver to South Park, and then much of the freight is transferred to "pack-jacks," and carried up to the mines. A railroad, however, is contemplated. I breakfasted with the family after the freight train left, and instead of sitting down to gobble up the remains of a meal, they had a fresh tablecloth and hot food. The buckets are all polished oak with polished brass bands; the kitchen utensils are as bright as rubbing

can make them; and, more wonderful still, the girls black their boots. Blacking usually is an unused luxury, and frequently is not kept in houses. My boots have only been blacked once during the last two months.

Denver, Nov. 9th.—I could not make out whether the superiority of the Deer Valley settlers extended beyond material things, but a teamster I met in the evening said it "made him more of a man to spend a night in such a house." In Colorado whisky is significant of all evil and violence, and is the cause of most of the shooting affrays in the mining camps. There are few moderate drinkers; it is seldom taken except to excess. The great local question in the territory, and just now the great electoral issue, is drink or no drink, and some of the papers are openly advocating a prohibitive liquor law. Some of the districts, such as Greeley, in which liquor is prohibited, are without crime, and in several of the stock-raising and agricultural regions through which I have travelled where it is practically excluded, the doors are never locked, and the miners leave their silver bricks in their waggons unprotected at night. People say that on coming from the Eastern States they hardly realise at first the security in which they live. There is no danger and no fear. But the truth of the proverbial saying, "There is no God west of the Missouri," is everywhere manifest. The "almighty dollar" is the true divinity, and its worship is universal. "Smartness" is the quality thought most of. The boy who "gets on" by cheating at his lessons is praised for being a "smart boy," and his satisfied parents foretell that he will make a "smart man." A man who overreaches his neighbour, but who does it so cleverly that the law cannot take hold of him, wins an envied reputation as a "smart man," and stories of this species of smartness are told admiringly round every stove. Smartness is but the initial stage of swindling, and the clever swindler who evades or defies the weak and corruptly-administered laws of the States excites unmeasured admiration among the masses.* I left Deer Valley at ten the next morning on a glorious day, with rich atmospheric colouring, had to spend three hours sitting on a barrel in a forge after I had ridden twelve miles, waiting while twenty-four oxen were shod, and then rode on twenty-three miles through streams and canyons of great beauty, till I reached a grocery store, where I had to share a room with the family and eight teamsters; and being almost suffocated by the curtain partition, got up at four, before any one was stirring, saddled Birdie, and rode away in the darkness, leaving my money on the table! It was a short eighteen miles' ride to Denver down the Turkey Creek Canyon, which contains some magnificent scenery, and then the road ascends, and hangs on the ledge of a precipice 600 feet in depth, such a narrow road that on meeting a waggon I had to dismount for fear of hurting my feet with the wheels. From thence there was a wonderful view through the rolling foothills and over the grey-brown plains to Denver.

Not a tree or shrub was to be seen, everything was rioting in summer heat and drought, while behind lay the last grand canyon of the mountains, dark lay the pines and cool with snow. I left the

track and took a short cut over the prairie to Denver, passing through an encampment of the Ute Indians, about 500 strong, a disorderly and dirty huddle of lodges, ponies, men, squaws, children, skins, bones, and raw meat. The Americans will never solve the Indian problem till the Indian is extinct. They have treated them after a fashion which has intensified their treachery and "devilry" as enemies, and as friends reduces them to a degraded pauperism, devoid of the very first elements of civilisation. The only difference between the savage and the civilised Indian is that the latter carries firearms and gets drunk on whisky. The Indian Agency is a sink of fraud and corruption; it is said that barely thirty per cent. of the allowance ever reaches those for whom it is voted; and the complaints of shoddy blankets, damaged flour, and worthless firearms are universal. "To get rid of the Inguns" is the phrase used everywhere. Even their "reservations" do not escape seizure practically; for if gold should "break out" on them, they are "rushed," and their possessors are either compelled to accept land farther west, or are shot off and driven off. One of the surest agents in their destruction is vitriolised whisky. An attempt has recently been made to cleanse the Augean stable of the Indian Department, but it has met with signal failure, the usual result in America of every effort to purify the official atmosphere. Americans specially love superlatives. The phrases "biggest in the world," "finest in the world," are on all lips. They will soon come to boast that their government is composed of the biggest scoundrels in the world.

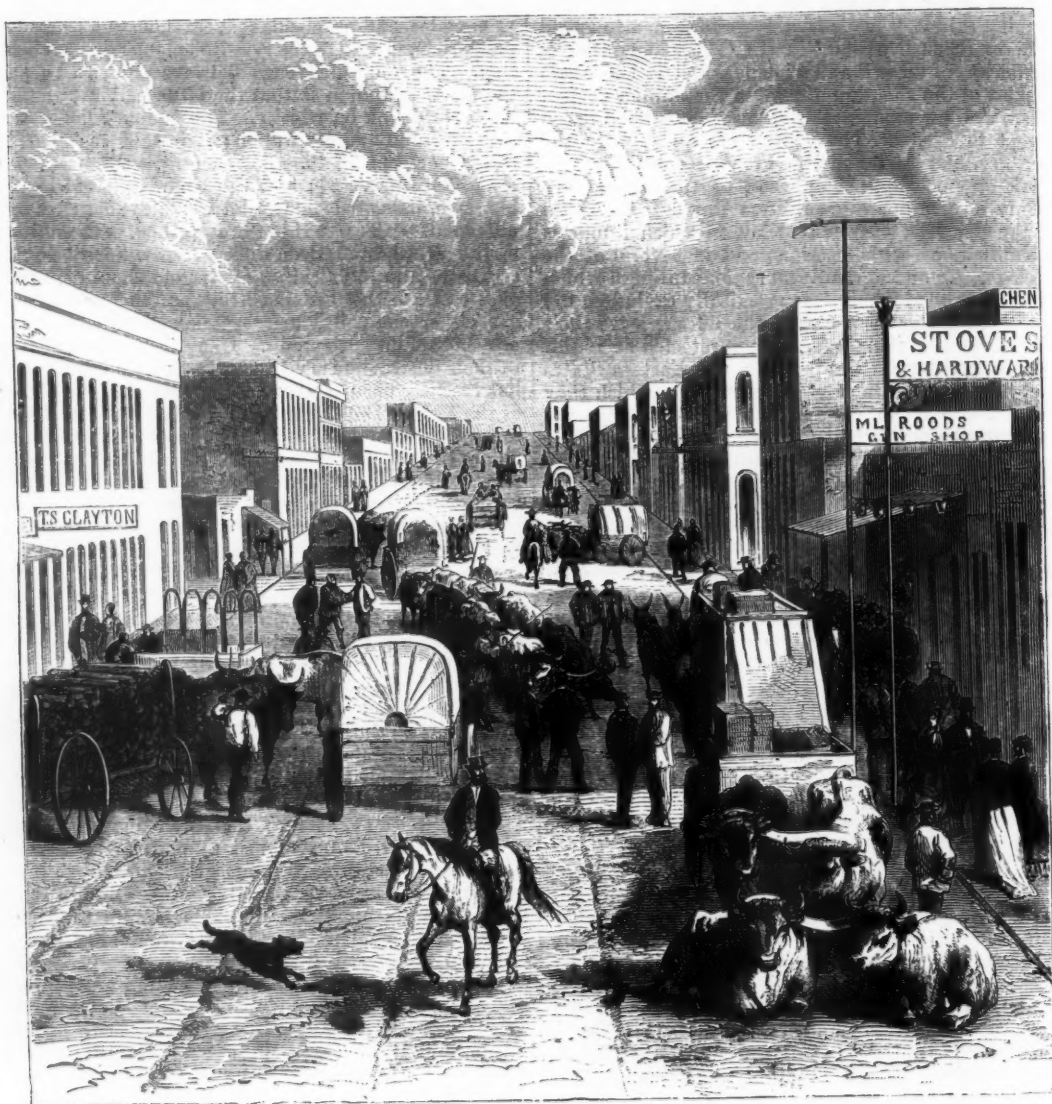
As I rode into Denver and away from the mountains the view became glorious, as range above range crowned with snow came into sight. I was sure that three glistening peaks seventy miles north were the peerless shapeliness of Long's Peak, the king of the Rocky Mountains, and the "mountain fever" returned so severely that I grudged every hour spent on the dry, hot plains. The range looked lovelier and sublimer than when I first saw it from Greeley, all spiritualised in the wonderful atmosphere. I went direct to Evans's house, where I found a hearty welcome, as they had been anxious about my safety, and Evans almost at once arrived from Estes Park with three elk, one grizzly, and one bighorn in his waggon. Regarding a place and life one likes (in spite of all lessons) one is sure to think, "To-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant;" and all through my tour I had thought of returning to Estes Park and finding everything just as it was. Evans brought the unwelcome news that the goodly fellowship was broken up. The Wydes and Mr. W. were in Denver, and the house dismantled, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards alone remaining, who were, however, expecting me back. Saturday, though like a blazing summer day, was wonderful in its beauty, and after sunset the afterglow was richer and redder than I have ever seen it, but the heavy crimson betokened severe heat, which came on yesterday, and was hardly bearable. I attended service twice at the Episcopal Church, where the service was beautifully read and sung; but in a city in which men preponderate the congregation was mainly composed of women, who fluttered their fans in a truly distracting way. Except for the church-going there were few perceptible signs of Sunday in Denver, which was full of rowdies from the mountain mining camps. You can hardly imagine the delight of joining in those grand old prayers

* May, 1878.—I am copying this letter in the city of San Francisco, and regretfully add a strong emphasis to what I have written above. The best and most thoughtful among Americans would endorse these remarks with shame and pain.—I. L. B.

after so long a deprivation. The "Te Deum" sounded heavenly in its magnificence; but the heat was so tremendous that it was hard to "warstle" through the day. They said that they have similar outbreaks of solar fury all through the winter.

Golden City, Nov. 13.—Pleasant as Denver was, with the Wydes and so many kind friends there, it

her tears for some one whose spirit she was doubtless thinking of as in the golden city of our hopes. That sixteen miles seemed like one mile, after sunset, in the rapturous freshness of the Colorado air, and Birdie, after her two days' rest and with a lightened load, galloped across the prairie as if she enjoyed it. I did not reach this gorge till late, and it was an



STREET IN DENVER.

was too much of the "wearing world" either for my health or taste, and I left for my sixteen miles ride to this place at four on Monday afternoon with the sun still hot. Passing by a bare, desolate-looking cemetery, I asked a sad-looking woman who was leaning on the gate if she could direct me to Golden City. I repeated the question twice before I got an answer, and then, though easily to be accounted for, it was wide of the mark. In most doleful tones she said, "Oh, go to the minister; I might tell you, may be, but it's too great a responsibility; go to the ministers, they can tell you!" And she returned to

hour after dark before I groped my way into this dark, unlighted mining town, where, however, we were most fortunate both as to stable and accommodation for myself.

Boulder, Nov. 16.—I fear you will grow tired of the details of these journal letters. To a person sitting quietly at home Rocky Mountain travelling, like Rocky Mountain scenery, must seem very monotonous; but not so to me, to whom the pure, dry mountain air is the elixir of life. At Golden City I parted for a time from my faithful pony, as Clear Creek Canyon, which leads from it to Idaho, is entirely monopolised

by a
horse
moun
My g
the f
high
12,00
sum
by
name
of w
you a
are h
and
apolo
room
quite
lady
wait
you,
day,
half
exce
sun
neve
are
weat
so a
City
depo
atro
Savi
stan
Cree
scen
mar
perp
ance
of s
have
oper
gau
yon
of C
curi
blas
been
itself
neve
offic
com
char
rou
put
over
sit
can
torr
with
with
rev
stur
ina
rift
to
roch
lim
the
suff
sidi

by a narrow-gauge railroad, and is inaccessible for horses or mules. To be without a horse in these mountains is to be reduced to complete helplessness. My great wish was to see Green Lake, situated near the timber line above Georgetown (said to be the highest town in the United States), at a height of 12,000 feet. A single day took me from the heat of summer into the intense cold of winter. Golden City by daylight showed its meanness and belied its name. It is ungraded, with here and there a piece of wooden sidewalk, supported on posts, up to which you ascend by planks. Brick, pine, and log houses are huddled together, every other house is a saloon, and hardly a woman is to be seen. My landlady apologised for the very exquisite little bedroom which she gave me by saying "it was not quite as she would like it, but she had never had a lady in her house before." The young "lady" who waited at breakfast said, "I've been thinking about you, and I'm certain sure you're an authoress." The day, as usual, was glorious. Think of November half through and scarcely even a cloud on the sky, except the vermilion cloudlets which accompany the sun at his rising and setting! They say that winter never "sets in" there in the foothills, but that there are spells of cold, alternating with bright, hot weather, and that the snow never lies on the ground so as to interfere with the feed of cattle. Golden City rang with oaths and curses, specially at the dépôt. Americans are given over to the most atrocious swearing, and the blasphemous use of our Saviour's name is peculiarly revolting. Golden City stands at the mouth of Toughcuss, otherwise Clear Creek Canyon, which many people think the grandest scenery in the mountains, as it twists and turns marvellously, and its stupendous sides are nearly perpendicular, while further progress is to all appearance continually blocked by great masses and piles of snow-covered mountains. Unfortunately, its sides have been almost entirely denuded of timber, mining operations consuming any quantity of it. The narrow-gauge, steep-grade railway, which runs up the canyon for the convenience of the rich mining districts of Georgetown, Black Hawk, and Central City, is a curiosity of engineering. The track has partly been blasted out of the sides of the canyon, and has partly been "built" by making a bed of stones in the creek itself, and laying the track across them. I have never seen such churlishness and incivility as in the officials of that railroad and the stage-lines which connect with it, or met with such preposterous charges. They have handsome little cars on the route, but though the passengers paid full fare, they put us into a baggage-car because the season was over, and in order to see anything I was obliged to sit on the floor at the door. The singular grandeur cannot be described. It is a mere gash cut by the torrent, twisted, walled, chasmed, weather-stained, with the most brilliant colouring, generally dark with shadow, but its utter desolation occasionally revealed by a beam of intense sunshine. A few stunted pines and cedars, spared because of their inaccessibility, hung here and there out of the rifts. Sometimes the walls of the abyss seemed to meet overhead, and then widening out, the rocks assumed fantastic forms, all grandeur, sublimity, and almost terror. After two hours of this, the track came to an end, and the canyon widened sufficiently for a road, all stones, holes, and sidings. There a great "concord coach" waited for

us, intended for twenty passengers and a mountain of luggage in addition, and the four passengers without any luggage sat on the seat behind the driver, so that the huge thing bounced and swung upon the straps on which it was hung so as to recall the worst horrors of New Zealand staging. The driver never spoke without an oath, and though two ladies were passengers, cursed his splendid horses the whole time. Formerly even the most profane men intermitted their profanity in the presence of women, but they "have changed all that." Every one I saw up there seemed in a bad temper. I suspect that all their "smart tricks" in mining stores had gone wrong.

The road pursued the canyon to Idaho Springs, a fashionable mountain resort in the summer, but deserted now, where we took a superb team of six horses, with which we attained a height of 10,000 feet, and then a descent of 1,000 took us into Georgetown, crowded into as remarkable a gorge as was ever selected for the site of a town, the canyon beyond *apparently* terminating in precipitous and inaccessible mountains, sprinkled with pines up to the timberline, and thinly covered with snow. The area on which it is possible to build is so circumscribed and steep, and the unpainted gable-ended houses are so perched here and there, and the water rushes so impetuously among them, that it reminded me slightly of a Swiss town. All the smaller houses are shored up with young pines on one side, to prevent them from being blown away by the fierce gusts which sweep the canyon. It is the only town I have seen in America to which the epithet picturesque could be applied. But truly, seated in that deep hollow in the cold and darkness, it is in a terrible situation, with the alpine heights towering round it. I arrived at three, but its sun had set, and it lay in deep shadow. In fact, twilight seemed coming on, and as I had been unable to get my circular notes cashed at Denver, I had no money to stay over the next day, and much feared that I should lose Green Lake, the goal of my journey. We drove through the narrow, piled-up, irregular street, crowded with miners standing in groups, or drinking and ganning under the verandahs, to a good hotel deviously situated, where I at once inquired if I could get to Green Lake. The landlord said he thought not; the snow was very deep, and no one had been up for five weeks, but for my satisfaction he would send to a stable and inquire. The amusing answer came back, "If it's the English lady travelling in the mountains she can have a horse, but not any one else."

CANDIDATES AND KISSES.

DURING the past summer an election took place for the Haddington group of Burghs, in Scotland. The candidates were Lord William Hay on the Liberal side, and Sir James Grant Suttie, Bart., on the Conservative. During the canvass, a scene took place at Dunbar, which was gravely reported in the Scotch papers, and was humorously narrated in a leader of the "Daily Telegraph."

"When Mr. Pickwick was taken to see all the peculiarities of the contested election among the free and independents of Eatanswill, under the guidance of Mr. Potts, he witnessed, it may be remembered,

an interesting and delicate manoeuvre which took the hearts of the voters by storm. A certain number of wives, with an exactly equivalent number of babies, was drawn up just outside the committee-rooms, and one of the candidates kissed them all in succession, to the huge delight of an admiring crowd. The aspirant went through his ordeal like a man, but as the babies had been carefully prepared for the occasion it was, perhaps, not more trying than a good many other pleasures of canvassing.

"The kiss has, ere now, performed a not unimportant part in election fights, and in at least one case, that of a certain Duchess of Devonshire and the butcher, it has become historical. But of late the habit has gone out of use among the humours of elections, and oddly enough it has been reserved for the frigid and somewhat prudish North Country to revive it. The Conservative candidate at the election for the Haddington Burghs last week, Sir James Grant Suttie essayed the feat, it appears, and achieved an immense success. He was holding a meeting at Dunbar, where, we are told, he was received with great enthusiasm. There was present a certain stalwart fisherwoman, named Mary Macfarlane, and she led the three cheers which made the welkin ring. A Scotch fishwife's halloo, when she is in good voice, is something to meditate over, and if Miss Macfarlane on this occasion did really her best in the way of vocal effort, she must have accentuated the cheers with the force and distinctness of a steam whistle. The effect was, of course, wonderful, and the baronet showed ready appreciation of it. He stepped forward and shook hands with his fair supporter, then he led her into the ring around which the crowd of fisher-folk were gathered, and stood holding her by the arm, she curtsying and radiant with sunny smiles. Next, at the close of a speech, he took the blushing Mary by the hand, and—prudently premising that he had Lady Suttie's sanction for the momentous step—he gave his partner a good hearty kiss—the delighted reporter calls it a 'smack'—the onlookers laughing and cheering delightedly. The encounter should have stopped here, but we are sorry to say that Miss Macfarlane a little spoiled sport by inviting a repetition of the salute, first from Sir James, and then—awful to relate—from the parish minister. Her overtures were not accepted, Sir James doubtless thinking that a baronet's kisses should not be made too cheap, and the clergyman being solicitous of the dignity of his cloth. But let Mary have due honour for all that; if the Auld Kirk had many such enthusiastic defenders its shadow would never be less."

The allusion in the last sentence is to the fact that the election partly turned on the question of Disestablishment of the Scotch Church. But in an older and more classical author than Dickens there is an amusing description of kissing by a candidate. In one of his inimitable letters* William Cowper writes from Olney (March 29th, 1784) to his friend, the Rev. John Newton, then Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, an account of an electioneering visit which had come like a brief storm upon his quiet home.

"As when the sea is uncommonly agitated, the water finds its way into creeks and holes of rocks, which in its calmer state it never reaches, in like

manner the effect of these turbulent times is felt even at Orchardside, where in general we live as undisturbed by the political element, as shrimps or cockles that have been accidentally deposited in some hollow beyond the water mark, by the usual dashing of the waves. We were sitting yesterday after dinner, the two ladies and myself, very composedly, and without the least apprehension of any such intrusion in our snug parlour, one lady knitting, the other netting, and the gentleman winding worsted, when to our unspeakable surprise a mob appeared before the window; a smart rap was heard at the door, the boys hallooed, and the maid announced Mr. Grenville. Puss [his tame hare] was unfortunately let out of her box, so that the candidate, with all his good friends at his heels, was refused admittance at the grand entry, and referred to the back door, as the only possible way of approach.

"Candidates are creatures not very susceptible of affronts, and would rather, I suppose, climb in at a window than be absolutely excluded. In a minute, the yard, the kitchen, and the parlour were filled. Mr. Grenville, advancing towards me, shook me by the hand with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing. As soon as he and as many more as could find chairs were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily gave me credit. I assured him I had no influence, which he was not equally inclined to believe; and the less, no doubt, because Mr. Ashburner, addressing himself to me at this moment, informed me that I had a great deal. Supposing that I could not be possessed of such a treasure without knowing it, I ventured to confirm my first assertion, by saying that if I had any I was utterly at a loss to imagine where it could be, or wherein it consisted. Thus ended the conference. Mr. Grenville squeezed me by the hand, again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman. He is very young, genteel, and handsome. He has a pair of very good eyes in his head, which not being sufficient as it should seem for the many nice and difficult purposes of a senator, he has a third also, which he wore suspended by a riband from his buttonhole. The boys hallooed, the dogs barked, Puss scampered, the hero, with his long train of obsequious followers, withdrew. We made ourselves very merry with the adventure, and in a short time settled into our former tranquillity, never, probably, to be thus interrupted more. I thought myself, however, happy in being able to affirm truly that I had not that influence for which he sued; and which, had I been possessed of it, with my present views of the dispute between the Crown and the Commons, I must have refused him, for he is on the side of the former. It is comfortable to be of no consequence in the world where one cannot exercise any without disoblighing somebody. The town, however, seems to be much at his service; and if he be equally successful throughout the county, he will undoubtedly gain his election. Mr. Ashburner, perhaps, was a little mortified, because it was evident that I owed the honour of this visit to his misrepresentation of my importance. But had he thought proper to assure Mr. Grenville that I had three heads, I should not, I suppose, have been bound to produce them."

Poor Mr. Ashburner, the Olney shopkeeper, though mortified at the time, little knew the treat he was pro-

* "Letters of William Cowper: being a Selection from his Correspondence; with a Sketch of his Life, and Biographical Notices of his Correspondents." The Religious Tract Society.

viding for future readers by taking the candidate "to ask Mr. Cowper for his vote and influence." The two incidents, a century apart, are curious illustrations of "ye customs and manners of ye Englishe."

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF LISBON.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

THREE times towards the close of last year, and again during the present summer, the city of Lisbon was shaken by earthquake. These slight shocks have sufficed to revive the recollection of the visitation from which it suffered now more than a century ago. In looking over some old family papers the following curious account of that convulsion has come to light, and may be read with interest now. The original spelling and punctuation is preserved.

"PORTUGAL, NOVEMBER, 1755.

"1st.—At about 10 o'Clock in the morning I Thomas Tacomb, in my Counting House in the Rozio in Lisbon; felt the commencement of the Earthquake & immediately run to Mr. Montgomerie, who without delay desired me to follow him from the house to the yard, where he had no sooner got than saw the Inquisition Senate house, the Duke de Cadavals, & my own house falling all about me, & the Earth shaking so much I could hardly stand, & making so great a Noise That I imagined it must be the Day of Judgement, this continued about 3 or 5 minuetts during time from the falling houses Rose so great a Dust that I thought I should have been suffocated, but on ceasing went into the Rozio (a Large Square) which was almost full of people, who had escaped from their houses, on Examining round found all the City within my view almost demolished, the Castle St. Domingo, St. Roch's &c. in about 15 minuetts was repeated another shock, & half an hour after another, & about 12 another but none so Violent as the first, by this time Rozio was so full as hardly Room to hold the people that were Assembled there, old & young, male & female, seeking their parents, Children, Relations, & friends Horses, Mules, Oxen, &c. some entirely & some half buried under Ground many people under the Ruins beging for assistance & none able to get nigh them many groaning underground, many old & hardly able to walk several Nuns & Persons of Quality who were never used to walk without shoes or stockings, & still more hurrying to save life but now no Distinction of Sex Age birth or Fortune are regarded.

"2nd.—In the evening Mr. Montgomerie & Mr. Burrell came to us from town, & lay'd with us in the Boat & were in hopes to save some things, in the house this Day felt several small Shocks many Thousands of persons Fased the ferry boat of sacavem flying up into the Country in hopes to find shelter for the fire which has been the distruction of the City was ravaging in almost every street, & as it broke out in many places at once was almost general and little hopes of saving anything, which if it had not happen'd as the repetitions of the Earthquake were not very strong most Persons effects might have been saved altho much damaged, by the ruins of the houses. The Churches and Convents being large, high, wide, & spacious were all demolished by the Earthquake, & many People who were at mass, being all Saints Day, where buried in the Ruins & its remarkable more people were kill'd by runing

into the Street by the falling of stones and houses than by remaining in their houses, especially those who could get & stayed in the lower Stories or under Arches, many where Drowned that got to the water side, & endeavoured to get aboard ship, the Captain observed that when it began it was quite calm, and after it blew fresh with fine weather at N.E. and that the water rose and fell 4 fathom in the Space of a minuet & the tides Quite Irregular for the space of 2 Hours the Custom House part sunk into the River with the new stone Quays, the other part burnt & no goods saved which is an immense loss to trade, as also all the sugar warehouses & corn markets with all the Effects. the Confusion on account of the Earthquake and dread of another made every one fly and not think of putting out the fire nor saving their Effects, my former Apprentice Mr. Sale was kill'd as was Mr. Parminster's English Servt. who follow'd me into the yard by one of the Pillars of the Ballconny, a sickness is Dreaded by the stench of the dead, as likewise a famine by the Quantity of People to & from all parts getting into the Country and having no money to Purchase, the King this Day order'd all the poor who at present are the whole Country & wanted Provisions to repair to Bellem (where he was with the Royal family & had suffered but little) & the should have bread &c. as he had ordered all the flower &c. aboard the ships bound for the Braziles to be unloaded and guards set over it as likewise all Corn & other provisions to be seized & kept for the use of every one & the prises not to be rose which was a very prudent step. the fatal End is many sick, many maimed & wounded from the fall of the houses & the Hurry in getting out, some dead and most part especially woman half naked so dismall shocking & miserable a sight was never seen neither can thought Imagine or fancy describe the various sceences of Misery, the fryers & Priests as many as were saved giving absolution, confessing & praying to & with every one, when unhappily a fire broke out at the Marquis de Louricalls at about 12 o'Clock, and half an hour after at St domin-go's when the smoak was so great & the concourse of People so great in the Rozio, that fearing to be suffocated many Strangers amongst the Rest myself imagining my house to be Quite down resolved with Mr. Foreman to proceed to Campo grande to a friend of his there, but finding him afflicted & his house down resolved to go to Sacavem about 2 Leagues from Lisbon, where we met Mr. Holford & Wm. Larkin and hired a boat to remain on the water all night & During the night felt several small shocks, the distress on the Road to Sacavem are not to be imagined every one in tears & not knowing were to fly to, almost all the houses on the Road having met the same fate & no one place remaining except the grand aqueduct which seem'd to have no Damage."

The year 1878 has already (says the *Times*) seen more than its fair share of disastrous earthquakes and similar phenomena. There are slight *tremblements de terre* in one part or another of the earth's surface about once in three days, but it is only occasionally that serious outbursts occur, which overwhelm cities, swallow up whole islands, or raise up the bed of the sea from a fathomless depth to a dangerous shoal. During the first half of the present year, however, the intensity of the shocks of earth-

quake and of volcanic eruptions has undoubtedly been on the increase, and, if this continues, the thousandth anniversary of the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii, which will occur next year, will be celebrated in an appropriate, if an undesirable, manner, by the forces of Nature itself. This activity has developed itself since June, 1877. In the whole of 1877 there occurred, according to the compilations of Professor Fuchs, 109 recorded earthquakes, though from our own observations we believe the number to have been somewhat larger. In the three months of June, July, and August there were only eleven earthquakes, while thirty-four occurred in September, October, and November, and the rest in the previous six months back to December 1, 1876. As usual, the most violent of these phenomena were those occurring in South America. The damages done to Valparaiso, Lima, and several other cities, by the outbreak of May 9, 1877, was enormous, the vibrations recurring with startling rapidity, and lasting over several days. A few days later a submarine volcanic eruption occurred off the coast of Peru, which also did great damage to shipping. The effects of these disturbances were felt in all parts of the Pacific. During the year several minor earthquakes, though of unusual intensity for the part of the world in which they were felt, occurred in Europe. Those of April 4, May 2, and October 8 in Switzerland, and of November 1 and 4, and December 22 at Lisbon, were the most alarming. Fortunately, little or no serious damage was done.

The volcanoes of Europe were unusually inactive during the year, but in South America, in Japan, and in the Pacific generally, the year was marked by several very violent volcanic explosions. The frequency with which outbreaks of this nature were observed in the open sea was a peculiarity of the year. Thus in February a very remarkable eruption occurred in the seas surrounding the Sandwich Islands, ten days after a violent outburst of the crater of Mauna Loa, on the mainland of the group, and a few weeks before another most remarkable outflow of lava from the celebrated lava lake of Kilauea. Here vast jets of liquid lava were ejected to a great height through the hard crust of the solidifying lava of the lake, which had lain undisturbed for many years. Much more serious was the eruption of Mount Cotopaxi, in June, accompanied by terrible showers of ashes, dust, and mud, which were carried by the wind far and wide over the country, devastating the fair lands and destroying hundreds of lives. The insular volcano of Ooshima, in Japan, broke out in flames and burning lava on January 4, and continued in violent action till the first week in February, causing, in combination with the earthquakes which accompanied it, a disastrous loss of life. Among the more noteworthy events of the year was the eruption of a new volcano in a district hitherto supposed to be free from volcanic disturbance—namely, on June 11, in a new crater near the Colorado River, California. About the same time an earthquake was felt in Canada. The submergence of several islands in the great archipelago lying between the Malay Peninsula and Australia, the upheaval of new lands in the same district, and the observance of the effects of volcanic phenomena in the deep waters of the South Atlantic, and where the sea is some 20,000 feet deep, would have been sufficient of themselves to mark the past year as an uncommon period of strange volcanic phenomena.

Varieties.

THE CHALMERS MONUMENT

At length, O Scotland ! thou hast paid a debt
Long due to thine own honour and thy name
And place among the nations, forth to set
Thy pattern man, and with proud front to claim
Apostleship and prophet-power amid
God's gospel-heralds, precious and elect,
That thine old bush may burn, and not be hid,
Still unconsumed, with upward flame erect,
In Europe's eye. Rome ruled the world by laws,
Hellas by subtle thoughts and fancies fine ;
But thou, my country, in a nobler cause
Wert missioned, with a champion more divine,
To wing the creeping soul, and to inspire
Cold hearts with love, and spread celestial fire.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Oban.

THE WORKING MEN'S CLUB AND INSTITUTE UNION.—The Working Men's Club and Institute Union, sixteen years ago, originated the plan of substituting clubs for public-houses, and has succeeded so well in making it appreciated that many hundreds of such institutions have been established in all parts of the kingdom. The object is to provide places of suitable resort for labouring men after work hours. The members of its council attend meetings in London and the provinces for the establishment of clubs ; they received during the last ten months 3,000 letters asking for advice and information, while 7,000 persons came to the office for the same purpose. The society supplies boxes of books on loan, and encourages self-education by giving prizes for essays on social and industrial questions, and for proficiency in the study of history. Of the 829 clubs on its register, 450 are directly affiliated to the society, these latter having upwards of 68,000 members.—*Dean Stanley.*

SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.—The programme arranged by the Standing Committees of the Association for discussion at the Cheltenham Meeting, in October, shows some of the questions prominent at this time. International and Municipal Law Sections.—1. The codification of the criminal law with special reference to the Attorney-General's Bill. 2. Simplification of the evidence of title to real property by record of title or otherwise. 3. Whether the extinction of all customary and other special tenures and the limitation of leasehold terms are not desirable. Repression of Crime Section.—1. Should the summary jurisdiction of magistrates be further extended? 2. The consideration of the proceedings of the Stockholm International Prison Congress. Education Department.—1. Is it expedient to increase the number of Universities in England? 2. Is it desirable to establish free primary schools throughout the country? 3. In what way is it desirable to connect the system of primary schools with the endowed and other schools that supply secondary education? Health Department.—1. The importance of complete disinfection, and the best means of providing for it by sanitary authorities. 2. On the better regulation of house-building generally, and the best mode of improving the sanitary condition of existing houses. 3. How best to overcome the difficulties of overcrowding among the necessitous classes. Economy and Trade Department.—1. What are the economic principles that should regulate the borrowing powers of local corporations? 2. What are the causes of the present depressed and stagnant condition of industrial enterprise, and what are the best remedies? 3. What means can best be adopted to secure to the wage-earning classes a due provision for old age? Art Department.—1. How can street architecture be best improved with due regard to economy? 2. How can a sound knowledge of music be best and most generally disseminated? 3. By what means can good examples of art be brought within the reach of the population of small towns and villages? In addition to the above special questions, papers volunteered on other subjects coming within the scope of the departments will be read and discussed.

IT wa
Ge
usual S
degree
choicest
No. 1